The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1798. [One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Annum.

No. 34 of Vol. X.] NEW-YORK: Printed and Published by JOHN HARRISSON, at his Printing-Office, (Yorick's Head) No. 3, Peck-Slip. [Whole Numb 502.

THE PRINCE OF BRITTANY.

[Continued from our laſt.]

WITH what indignation is the Conſtable tranſported!—"Can a Sovereign, ſaid he to the Duke, "ſo ill employ his power, as to oppreſs an innocent victim, abandoned to the malignant fury of ignoble courtiers? Can a brother forgetting the ſacred claims of nature, thus plunge a brother into miſery and a priſon? Duke, I do not accuſe you. I perſuade myſelf that nature will yet prevail in your boſom. She ſpeaks to you; but they will not ſuffer you to hear her voice. 'Tis you I queſtion—you have ſo fatally led aſtray your Sovereign—you, who thus cover your own private animoſities, your latent treachery, and your infernal plots, with the ſpecious pretence of reaſons of ſtate. Arthur, Hingant, d'Eſpiny, anſwer me if you dare—of what crimes do you accuſe the Prince of Brittany? He has complained of the ſlenderneſs of his eſtabliſhment; he has expreſſed a grateful predilection for the Engliſh, among whom he has been brought up. I do not pretend to conceal his faults. Montauban, I do not wonder you are his enemy; he is the happy poſſeſſor of the woman you loved; but do not add injuſtice to hatred. Be great enough to confeſs to your Sovereign, that this is the ſole motive of your conduct, and that you pant only for the deſtruction of a rival. And you, ignoble Hingant, ſince you ſtill foſter a reſentment, which the moſt manly reparation could not diſarm, go, and with your ſword demand ſatisfaction of my nephew. He will not inſiſt upon the privileges of his rank: he will obey you without heſitation. Barbarians, plunge your daggers into his breaſt; but do not aſſaſſinate him by ſhameful calumnies; do not ruin him in the affection of his brother and his Sovereign. And you d'Eſpiny, the miniſter of the altar, ſo little worthy of that ſacred employment, bluſh at the part they make you act, and reſume the character of your function. Does Heaven command you to arm a brother againſt a brother? Ah! Duke, do not liſten, do not liſten to them. Attend to the voice which you ſtifle. Purſue your natural inclination. Your own heart, I am certain, ſolicits you in his favor. His impetuoſity may have hurried him into faults, but of crimes he is incapable. I know you: they take advantage of your weakneſs. You will triumph over it; you will hear the ſentiments of nature. Come, Prince, come with me to open the priſon of a brother. Haſten to pardon and embrace him."

At this inſtant a beautiful women, with diſhevelled hair, her eyes ſwimming in tears, and anguiſh in her face, ruſhes into the circle, and proſtrates herſelf at the feet of the Duke. He perceives the conſort of the Price of Brittany: he would raiſe her; "No my Lord, I will not riſe ——I will die here if you refuſe to grant my requeſt. Alas! my huſband, your brother, is dragged into priſon like a criminal! My Lord, I alone ought to be puniſhed for the only fault they can impute to him. I have inſpired him with an unfortunate love—which I could not feel for Montaub.n. The Prince has formed, without your conſent, thoſe ſacred and endearing ties that muſt attach me to misfortunes. It is I—I who now languiſh in all the horrors of captivity. Alas! are they not ſufficiently revenged, ſince they have deprived him of your affection? Oh, my Lord, he pities, loves you, notwithſtanding all the injuſtice he endures. Indeed, it is not my huſband that can forget a moment you are his brother!"

The Count of Richmond interrupted his niece: "Thy tears ſhall not flow in vain. Come, Duke, reſiſt not theſe tears. Give me your hand; let us inſtantly go; and you will be indebted to me for an act of beneficence and juſtice."—The Duke ſuffered himſelf to be led by the Conſtable, but not without reluctance; and he looked at his courtiers, as if he endeavored to read in their eyes whether they approved his conduct.

The Prince thus cruelly deprived of liberty, is doubtful for a while, whether he is not the ſport of ſome idle dream. He hears a noiſe at the door of his priſon. It is opened. He beholds the Conſtable, leading the Duke by the hand, and followed by Alicia and Peter of Brittany. They were accompanied by many Lords. ——"I ſee you again, my deareſt Alicia," exclaimed the Prince. She flings herſelf, weeping, in his arms.—"Nephew," ſaid the Conſtable, "I bring your brother to you: aſk his pardon, and he will reſtore you to liberty."—"Aſk his pardon! And wherefore ſhould I reduce myſelf to that abject ſtate! What can they reproach me with?"—"Crimes," anſwered the Duke, all whoſe hatred was now rekindled, "perfidy, rape, ingratitude; you have courted the protection of the Engliſh; you have garriſoned your caſtle with them; you maintain a conſtant correſpondence with Henry. You have torn from the arms of Montauban a wife that ought not to have been your's. In open defiance of all laws you have married her. And to fill up the meaſure of your crimes, you hate me and my faithful ſervants; you would deprive me of the ſovereign power, and perhaps of my life."—"Ah! my brother," interrupted the Prince, "and can you think that your life is not as dear to me as my own? No one can accuſe me of ſuch horrible crimes. I have ever reſpected, I have ever loved you. It is true that I am partial to the Engliſh: I have been bred up amongſt them from my infancy: I have imbibed in their ſociety, that ſpirit of frankneſs and liberty which is unknown in this country. Their taſte, their amuſements are mine. Their monarch is my zealous friend. But I appeal to him whether I have yet forgotten that I was your brother, your ſubject, the nephew of the King of France, and that Brittany is my country. Let Henry, let all England ſpeak, and my accuſers muſt be confounded. I will not conceal the exceſs of my paſſion for Alicia. I forced her from her raviſher. We loved each other—and did not you yourſelf engage your word that her marriage with Arthur ſhould be delayed till my return from England? I regarded this promiſe as an inviolable oath; and I learned that they were dragging Alicia to the altar. I perceived her in the arms of the perfidious man who has deprived me of your heart. Then, I confeſs it, I liſtened only to that paſſion, which can never be extinguiſhed but with my life. Ah, my brother, have you never loved? Love, love is capable of all."

Francis ſeemed to liſten more favorably to the Prince: "Ah, my lord," ſaid Alicia, "I have already aſſured you that I alone am guilty. If a victim be neceſſary, go no farther. Let me here fill the place of my huſband. Let me be loaded with chains, let me end a wretched exiſtence here, provided the Prince be free. Let this ſacrifice diſarm the malice that is bent with ſuch inveteracy on his ruin; let it reſtore to my dear huſband the loſt affection of his brother—I ſhall carry to the grave the ſweeteſt ſatisfaction if my death can be uſeful to him."——

The Prince will not permit this angel-wife to finiſh: he haſtens to her: he bedews her with his tears.——"Throw yourſelf," ſaid ſhe in a whiſper, "at your brother's feet."——The Prince, in ſilent action, expreſſes his reluctance. Alicia utters only theſe words; "Do you love me?" and the Prince inſtantly proſtrates himſelf before the Duke:—"What more can you require? Your brother, my Lord, is at your feet. Can you be inexorable?"

The Duke is very ſenſibly affected: he cannot conceal his emotion. On a ſudden, Alicia, the Count of Richmond, and Peter of Brittany, embrace his knees.—"Can you yet heſitate to pardan him?" exclaims the Count: "We do not bluſh to humble ourſelves: your uncle, the Conſtable of France, implores the pardon of your brother on his knees."

The Duke, at laſt, opens his arms to the priſoner. He promiſes to forget all that has paſt. Nature triumphs over that averſion, the unhappy reſult of ſo many odious machinations.

The happy moment when the prince was to leave the priſon was now impatiently expected. The Duke had ſcarce retired, when the Prince thus addreſſed his wife, who had been left alone with him: "Judge, my dear Alicia, of the empire you have over me. I have obeyed you: I have annihilated myſelf, as it were, at your command, to ſubmit to the moſt humiliating poſture. And before whom did I proſtrate myſelf? Before my brother—before my tyrant! Did you obſerve him? It was evident that he only acquieſced in that aſcendency which the conſtable has obtained over us. With what regret, it was apparent, he permitted me to embrace him! No, I never ſhall regain his friendſhip. He will not long preſerve that ſenſibility which you and the Count of Richmond could only inſpire!—"What cruel miſtruſt, Prince, do you thus permit to embitter a happineſs, of the certainty of which every thing aſſures us! Why do you impute ſuch inhumanity to the Duke? Ah! who would not have been melted by your ſituation? No heart could have been ſo obdurate as to reſiſt ſuch affecting prayers. The Duke, I doubt not, has been apprehenſive of ſhewing you how much he was affected. A conſciouſneſs of wounded ſuperiority only could have prevented him from mingling his tears with your's. My dear Prince, your good fortune is

begining. Your enemies will now be confounded. They will be witneſſes of this reconciliation. It is now the bleſſed moment to pardon them. I know the greatneſs of your ſoul; and on the day of our happineſs every one ſhould be happy."

Such a wife muſt eaſily perſuade. The Prince baniſhes his ſuſpicions, and indulges himſelf in that ſweet intoxication of joy, with which his wife is inſpired. They reſolve to retire far from the court, and to find their whole happineſs in love and rural pleaſures. "What is grandeur," ſaid they, "compared to that pure and permanent tenderneſs which adds a ſweeter charm to every moment we enjoy!"

[To be continued.]

MORCEAU.

PENSIVE and ſad, Edmund approached the ſacred dwelling of the dead. The pale lamp of the ſilver moon ſhed its rays o'er the ſolitary ſcene, and marked the manſion of Eliza's form. The ſilence of death reigned over the place, and nature ſeemed aſleep. He viewed the new raiſed grave, he beheld the clods which covered the lovely maid, and buſy memory agonized his ſoul. "And muſt" cried he, "that form lie mouldring in the duſt; muſt it forever be hidden from mine eyes, be rendered impervious to my view. Shall I no more behold the noble ſentiment brighten in thine eye and animate thy lovely frame. Though thou waſt perfection's ſiſter, would not death ſpare thee? Would he not let thee bloom on earth, the pride of beauteous nature? Ah! no! Maid of the delicate mind!---Thou ſhalt bloom in everlaſting day, and flouriſh in immortal green."

Thus ſpoke the youth, with apparent tranquility and penſive reſignation. But raiſing his head towards the moon, while the tears which ran down his cheeks, reflected her gentle rays, the thoughts of paſt felicity ruſhed on his mind, and exceſs of feeling ſtoped the vital courſe, e'er he could exclaim "'Tis done---I come Eliza---In yon etherial field we meet to part no more. He fell upon her grave, the moon was obſcured by a paſſing cloud, and nature ſeemed to join in ſympathetic woe.

From Carey's United States Recorder.

PORCUPINIAD.

Philadelphia, Jan. 24.

PETER PORCUPINE has at length diſcovered that cookery is his forte; and, ſtill deſirous of ſerving a ROYAL MASTER, has volunteered to ſupply the table of his INFERNAL MAJESTY, with delicacies from this ſublunary world of ours.

This generous offer was made yeſterday, in language equally polite, elegant, and claſſical.

But let the Porcupine ſpeak for himſelf. He thus addreſſes the printers of the New-York Gazette:

"Send me a file of your papers, you trimming raſcals, "and you ſhall ſee what pretty creatures I'll make of you. "I'll cbox you up in a DISH fit for the DEVIL.

"WM. COBBETT."

We are yet to learn whether or not Beelzebub will accept of this eleemoſynary treat from his good friend COBBET: But of Porcupine's qualifications for ſuperintending the infernal kitchen, not the leaſt doubt can be entertained; for every man of taſte will readily admit, that the OLIOS and OLLA PODRIDAS which this arch cook has hitherto ſerved up to the ſovereign people of America, where calculated only for a HELLISH APPETITE.

A WARNING TO THOSE WHO PUT TOO MUCH WATER IN THEIR GROG!

AN INDIAN VERDICT.

JOHN TATSON, an Indian native of Lyme, in Connecticut, being found dead, on a winter's morning, not far from a tavern where he had been drinking freely of ſpirituous liquors the evening before, the Indians immediately aſſembled a jury of their own tribe, who, after examining the corps of the deſunct, unanimouſly agreed, "That the ſaid Tatſon's death was occaſioned by the FREEZING of a large quantity of WATER in his body that had been mixed with the rum he drank."

EPISTLE FROM THE ABBE DE RANCE.

[Continued from our laſt]

O Fatal error! heav'n alone beſtows
Joy free from pain, and undiſturb'd repoſe:
In this vain world our beſt enjoyment's groſs;
Allay'd and ſtain'd by ſin's offenſive droſs;
Howe'er diſguis'd, rank paſſion rules us ſtill,
And each, in fact, indulges but his will:
That will, as changeful as an infant's mind,
Shifts here, now there, and veers with ev'ry wind;
One wiſh indulg'd, another frenzy leads;
Another on another yet ſucceeds:
Till injur'd reaſon abdicates her poſt,
And, in the monſter, all the man is loſt,
Not ſo, my friend, we paſs the ſilent hours,
In theſe ſecluded woods and moſſy tow'rs:
Here pure religion tolls her only bell;
Here true devotion warms each humble cell;
Here contemplation clears the clouded eye,
Expands the ſoul, and lifts it to the ſky:
Propitious angels bleſs our frequent calls,
And ſaints, who reſt retir'd within theſe walls:
Theſe, theſe alone, our tott'ring ſteps attend,
Confirm our faith, and hell's dark wiles forefend.
On that curs'd night, how black th' infernal ſcene!
When fiends uſurp'd my Laura's heavenly mien!
They broke the clouds, they bade the ſtorm retire,
And all my boſom own'd celeſtial fire.
Ill-fated Laura! had I never known
Thy matchleſs form, I then had ſinn'd alone:
A length of years, ſevereſt penitence,
And hourly pray'rs might expiate my offence:
But you, alas! you ſaw the early tomb,
Unvers'd in heav'n, in youth's intemp'rate bloom;
When flatt'ring tongues impart deſtructive fires,
And melt th' yielding ſoul to looſe deſires,
Theſe wrap the ſoul from Virtue's awful ſhine;
And well I know that heavy guilt was mine.
On that curs'd pride, which, obſtinately blind,
Seduces man, and rules the ſofter kind,
Inflam'd by love, with guileful art I wrought,
And ſhut thy mind againſt each ſober thought.
O dire reflexion! flattery ſuppreſt
The holy flame that ſhould have fir'd thy breaſt;
Religion elſe had lent her heav'nly grace,
And ſtamp'd thy mind as beauteous as thy face;
Indulgent ſaints thy lovely eyes had clos'd
In peace, and all thy ſoul with God repos'd.
"Thou traitor! falſeſt of thy perjur'd race!"
She ſternly cries, "Haſt ſtol'n my ſoul from grace;
"For thee I'm doom'd to bear an age of pain,
"To call on heav'n; and yet to call in vain:
"Confin'd in night, I feel the ſcorching flame,
"Or bitter froſt, congeal my tender frame;
"Or, yok'd with demons, cleave the murky air,
"To baniſh reſt, and ſcatter wild deſpair.
"And doſt thou, monſter, doſt thou hope to win
"Eternal bliſs, and leave me drown'd in ſin?
"Forbid it truth! my ghoſt ſhall meet thy eyes,
"And heav'n, juſt heav'n, ſhall liſten to my cries"
Ye hoary woods, and deſolated cells,
Ye barren rock, where ſavage horror dwells,
I'll brave your rage, if mercy can be wrought,
And tenfold penitence eraſe her fault:
Let ſpring produce nor herbage, fruit, nor flow'r;
Let haggard winter all the year devour;
Where I ſhall roam, let rains and tempeſts blow,
And owls or ravens ſend the ſcream of woe;
Let thunders burſt; let mountains, torrents roar;
And wolves ſurround me on ſome deſart ſhore;
Let curſes, plagues, diſtempers, on me fall;
Forgive but Laura---and I'll bear them all!------
Meanwhile, dear friend, my ſimple ſhroud I ſpread,
And now, prepare my laſt and welcome bed.
Yon funeral torch, and ſlowly moving bier,
Remind my ſoul that death is ever near:
But death to us no pallid terror brings;
We court his ſcythe, and brave his feeble ſtings;
Rejoice to ſee a brother gain the ſkies;
The man we pity'd, but the ſaint we prize.
Here, here, my friend, my plain rough coffin ſtands,
Prepar'd, and wrought, by theſe laborious hands:
It calms my ſpirits, drives vain thoughts away,
And reconciles me to my kindred clay.
I ſleep in hope; I ſpurn my follies paſt;
And fondly wiſh each ſleep may prove my laſt:
Reſign'd devotion o'er my cavern reigns;
And peace---except poor Laura intervenes.

[To be continued.]

CONJECTURES ON THE ORIGIN OF SNEEZING.

THE cuſtom, that ſo generally prevails at preſent, of making vows in favor of people who ſneeze, is commonly believed to have originated during the regency of Brunehaut, and the pontificate of Gregory the great. It is pretended, that at this period (613) there was a malignity in the air, ſo contagious in its nature, that whoever was unfortunate enough to ſneeze, expired on the ſpot; which induced Gregory to order all good chriſtians to offer up prayers, accompanied by vows, for the purpoſe of averting theſe evil effects. But this is a fiction, framed in violation of all the rules of probability, ſince it is certain that the cuſtom ſubſiſted in every part of the globe, from the remoteſt antiquity.

In the heathen mythology, we are told that the firſt ſpark of life given by the man of Prometheus, was a ſneeze. That pretended creator ſtole a portion of the ſun's rays, which having incloſed in a phial hereminically ſealed, he immediately returned to his favorite work, and applied it to the ſtatue. The ſolar rays had retained all their activity, and inſinuating themſelves into the pores, made the ſtatue ſneeze. Prometheus, delighted with the ſucceſs of his plan, offered up prayers for the preſervation of this ſingular being. His pupil hearing him, recollected what he ſaid, and was always careful, on ſimilar occaſions, to make the ſame vows in favor of his deſcendants, who have tranſmitted them from generation to generation.

The Rabbis, in ſpeaking of this cuſtom, do not give it quite ſo early a date. They ſay that, after the creation, God made a general law, by which it was ordained, that every living man ſhould ſneeze but once, and that at the very moment he ſneezed, he ſhould reſign his ſoul to the Lord, without any previous indiſpoſition. Jacob, by no means pleaſed with this abrupt method of quitting the world, and being deſirous of ſettling his affairs previous to his departure, humbled himſelf before the Lord, and urgently requeſted the favor of being excepted from the general rule. He obtained his wiſh; he ſneezed, and did not die. All the princes of the earth being informed of the fact, unanimouſly ordained, that, in future, every perſon who ſneezed, ſhould offer up prayers for the preſervation and prolongation of his life.

Even from theſe fictions, it is apparent that this mark of politeneſs, which now univerſally obtains on the continent, was in uſe long before the eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity. It was conſidered as very antient, in the time of Ariſtotle, who was ignorant of its origin, and ſought the cauſe of it in his problems. He pretends, that the firſt men being ſtrongly prejudiced in favor of the head, which is the principal ſeat of the ſoul, that intelligent ſubſtance, which governs and animates the whole maſs, extended their reſpect to the act of ſneezing, which is one of its moſt manifeſt and expreſſive opperations. Hence the different compliments, uſed on ſuch occaſions, by the Greeks and Romans: ſuch as---"Long may you live!" "Good health to you!" "Jupiter preſerve you!"

ANECDOTES.

WHEN about thirty years ſince George Alexander Stevens was a firſt actor in the Norwich company, he performed the part of Horatio in the Fair Penitent. The Caliſta was a Mrs. B------, who had been long the celebrated heroine in tragedies, and the fine lady in high life in comedies. Mrs. B------, in her decline, ſacrificed too often to the intoxicating god. In proportion as the action of the play advanced towards a concluſion, by endeavoring to raiſe her ſpirits with a cheerful glaſs, ſhe became totally unfit to repreſent the character. In her laſt ſcene of Caliſta, it was ſo long before ſhe died, that George, after giving her ſeveral gentle hints, cried out, "Why don't you die, you b---h!" She retorted, as loud as ſhe could, "You robbed the Briſtol mail, you dog!" This ſpirited dialogue ſo diverted the audiance, that much and loud clapping enſued. The manager ſeeing no end of this merry buſineſs, dropped the curtain and put an end to the tumult.

A Foreign Sailor was puniſhed the other day for calling his landlord's wife a BITCH. The defence of the foreigner was, that he heard the appellation ſo often applied by her huſband, that he really thought it was the wife's PROPER NAME.

MAXIM.

ALL Women are coquettes, though all do not practiſe coquetry; ſome are reſtrained by fear, ſome by reaſon.

SATURDAY, *February* 10, 1798.

Five perſons have been apprehended and ſent to jail ſtrongly ſuſpected of the robbery of Mrs TEMPLE's houſe. Much of the lampblack which they made uſe of to ſable their fair compexions, remains about their necks and linen. They ſay, "We only blacked ourſelves for fun." But, from apparent circumſtances, there is but little doubt of their guilt.

Two more fellows, which make ſeven of the ten, have been taken up on ſuſpicion of being concerned in the late robbery at Richmond Hill; one of whom is ſuppoſed to be the captain of the gang.

Captain Ruſſel, late of the ſchooner Sally, of Salem, arrived at Boſton from Nantz, gives a horrid account of the treatment which Americans receive there. He ſays there is 160 in number; that they are left deſtitute---and no buſineſs but privateering going on; many of them are obliged to enter into that ſervice againſt their own countrymen---that the American flag is treated contemptuouſly---and Americans inſulted in the ſtreets.

The Argo, from Cadiz, arrived at Boſton, brought letters to the 15th Dec no intelligence, however, had tranſpired, except that Admiral St. Vincent had recommenced the blockade of Cadiz.

Two new-born infants were left at two different houſes in Philadelphia laſt week---they were taken to the Alms Houſe.

An attempt was lately made to burn the Union Tavern, in Alexandria, (Virg.)

ACCIDENTS.

Laſt Wedneſday morning between the hours of four and five, a Hatters ſhop, in the rear of no. 10 Courtland ſtreet, was conſumed by fire, without other injury.

The Theatre at Richmond, (Virg) was burnt on the 24th ult.

On Friday the 2d inſt. about four o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out in one of the dreſſing rooms of the Theatre in Federal ſtreet, Boſton, and ſuch was the height of the flames before diſcovered, and ſuch the nature of the combuſtibles which they firſt took hold of, that no exertions of ſeveral of the attendants of the Theatre could check their progreſs; and before ſeven o'clock the intire inſide of perhaps the moſt elegant building in the United States, was totally deſtroyed---nothing being left unconſumed but the brick wall.

EARTHQUAKE.

The Lancaſter German paper mentions, that on Tueſday the 11th ult. between the hours of two and three in the morning, there was felt in that town and its neighborhood a ſevere ſhock of an Earthquake, which continued for ſeveral minutes. The ſhock was accompanied, it is ſaid, with a blaze not unlike the burning of a chimney.

The Mulatoes, Negroes, and Charaibs have riſen and taken poſſeſſion of the Iſland of Trinadad, except the capital. Three regiments had ſailed from Martinico to the relief of Trinadad.

On the 26th of December, a ſmall Engliſh ſquadron, conſiſting of one 74, one frigate, and one ſloop of war, run into a ſmall port at the weſt end of the iſland called Agwadelia, and cut out the following veſſels which were lying there, all of which were previouſly unloaded, and the cargoes lodged in ſtores---

Ship Elice, Hervey, of New-York,
Brig Eliza, Harrington, Philadelphia,
Mary, do.
Schooner Hiram, Brown, New-York,
Likewiſe one French privateer, and a number of other veſſels:
Ship James, of Baltimore, at St. Domingo.
Schooner Eagle, Anderſon, do. at do. bound for Jacomel.

BOSTON, January 31.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Since our laſt, the ſhip Argo, Captain Smith, has arrived in the outer harbour from Cadiz, which ſhe left the 16th December; her letters were brought laſt evening from them, and the verbal report of the Captain, we learn:

That letters from Paris had been received at Cadiz, as late as Nov. 24, at which time our Envoys were remaining in ſtatu quo; and that thoſe letters, which were from both Americans and Frenchmen, repreſented their proſpects of a ſucceſsful miſſion as gloomy. Notwithſtanding this ſombre aſpect, a great change had taken place in the conduct of the French cruizers, who now treat American veſſels with reſpect, when their papers are regular. Off Cape St. Vincents, Captain S. was boarded by a French privateer, and was treated politely. The ſame privateer the day before boarded the ſhip Lydia, of Boſton, from Virginia, bound to Cadiz, had examined her papers, and permitted her to proſecute her voyage:

That Admiral Orde, with 24 ſail of the line, and frigates, continued to block the harbor of Cadiz; while Admiral Lord St. Vincent was in the Tagus refitting the remainder of his fleet:---

That in conſequence of the blockade of the Spaniſh ports, and the decreaſe of Spaniſh ſhipping, the Court of Madrid had granted permiſſion of a free trade to South America for all neutrals laden with Spaniſh produce; and that ſome American Captains were proſecuting voyages to that region of gold and ſilver:---and

That the Peace lately broken between France and Portugal was re-concluded, and that the report of an invaſion of that kingdom, thro Spain, had ceaſed: tho thoſe of an invaſion of England, by the French, remained in circulation.

MORTALITY.

"LIFE's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence
Inch high the grave above, that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh we ſink, and are what we deplor'd:
Lamenting or lamented, all our lot!" YOUNG.

DIED,

At Boſton, Miſs JULIA WADSWORTH KNOX, in her 14th year, ſecond daughter to Gen. Knox.

On Sunday morning the 28th ult. in this city, Miſs MERIAM COMBES, aged 23 years and 6 months, after a tedious illneſs, which ſhe bore with Chriſtian fortitude.

On Monday the 29th ult. Mrs ELSIE DUNSCOMB an old and reſpectable inhabitant.

On Thurſday the 1ſt inſt. in his 55th year, ABRAHAM OGDEN, Eſq. Attorney of the United States for the diſtrict of New Jerſey.

Same day, Mrs JANE USTICK, aged 63 years.

On Sunday morning, in an advanced age, Mrs BRAINE, the worthy mother of Capt. H. Braine, of the ſhip Fanny, of this port.

On Monday laſt, aged 26 years, Madame DESSOURCES, the amiable conſort of Col. Deſſources, of St. Domingo.

Juſt Publiſhed, by John Harriſſon, and for ſale at his Book Store, no. 3 Peck-ſlip.

SELECT STORIES,-

OR,

Miſcellaneous Epitome of Entertainment.

SELECTED

FROM THE NEWEST PUBLICATIONS OF MERIT.

ALSO,

The Whole Duty of Woman.

A NEAT POCKET VOLUME.

STAYED or ſtolen laſt night, from an enclоſure in Front-Street, a Black Bull Calf, ten weeks old, of the Engliſh breed, with a white face, and its fore feet white. Any perſon who will give information at no. 261, Old Slip, where it may be found, will receive the grateful thanks of a poor blind woman.

New-York, Feb. 9, 1798. 1---2w

To Let, from the firſt of May,

A Store, No. 115, William-Street. Enquire on the premiſes.

COURT of HYMEN.

HE led her to the nuptial bower,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide;
The fondeſt bridegroom of that hour,
And ſhe, the moſt delighted bride.

MARRIED

At Fairfield, THOMAS FAIRFAX, Eſq. to Miſs LOUISA WASHINGTON.

On Sunday evening the 14th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Foſter, Mr. JACOB HAYS, to Miſs CATHARINE CONREY, both of this city.

On Wedneſday evening the 24th ult. at Long-Iſland by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Coles, Mr. ISRAEL HORSFIELD, of North Hempſtead, to Miſs DEBORAH TOWNSEND, daughter of the Hon. Richard Townſend, Eſq. of Cedar Swamp.

On Monday evening the 29th ult. at New Cornwall, by J. Stanley, Eſq Mr. JOSHUA COCK, merchant, of this city, to Miſs MARY ANN TOWNSEND, daughter of Mr. Henry Townſend, of New Cornwall.

On Thurſday evening the 1ſt inſt. by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. JOHN MORRISON, to Miſs RUTH BORREL, both of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Biſſet, Mr. THOMAS M'CARTY, to Miſs POLLY PELTROW, both of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Phœbus, Mr. JAMES C. WILKINSON, to Miſs PATIENCE BARNS, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. JAMES I. MARGARUM, to Miſs REBECCA THOMPSON, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foſter, Mr. PETER STRONG, to Miſs JANE EAZLING, both of this city.

On Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. JAMES FERRERS, to Miſs DEBORAH MEAD, both of this city.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

A celebrated Comedy, called,

A New Way to Win Hearts.

Written by the Author of, The Belles Stratagem, Which is the Man, Bold Stroke for a Huſband, &c. and performed in London with the moſt unbounded Applauſe.

Bellair,	Mr Hodgkinſon,
Carlton,	Mr Martin,
Doctor Feelove,	Mr Simpſon,
Evergreen,	Mr Prigmore,
Le Gout,	Mr Miller,
David,	Mr Woolley
Lawyer's Clerk,	Mr Hogg,
Thomas,	Mr Seymour,
Servants,	Meſſrs. Stephens, Leonard, M'Knight,
Stranger,	Mr Roberts,
And, Sir Marvel Muſhroom,	Mr Hallam.
Miſs Archer,	Mrs Hallam,
Miſs Juvenile,	Miſs Weſtray,
Mrs Jones,	Mrs King,
Mrs Thompſon,	Mrs Brett,
And, Arabella Melville,	Mrs Hodgkinſon.

To which will be added,

A Muſical Entertainment, called, The

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

SHERIFF's SALE.

WILL be ſold, at public auction, on the premiſes, the 25th March next, the one moiety or half part of the leaſe of a Houſe belonging to William Parker, and Francis Roach, oppoſite the Goal, no. 13, Chatham-Street, by virtue of an Execution delivered me 20th December laſt; nine years of the leaſe unexpired from 23d October laſt, ſubject to nine pounds ground rent, per year. Alſo, a two ſtory houſe, no. 43, Auguſtus Street, ſubject to three years leaſe, from next May, at 40l. ground rent per annum.

Febr 10, '98. 6 w. J. J. LANSING, Sheriff.

COURT of APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON PLAYING TOM COME TICKLE ME.

OH Muſe! attend---and, while I ſing,
Materials from Parnaſſus bring,
To help me out in my narration,
With honor, credit, reputation,
Then ſwift to Marg---tta fly,
And tell her the whole reaſon why
A ſtranger ſhould her ſcorn provoke,
And thus, kind Muſe, explain the joke,
Say, if at any game ſhe'd chance to play,
She ſhould implicitly its laws obey.
If ſo, then could I, without her conſent,
The Ticklum Tommy to her cheek preſent?
"But did I not a gen'rous ranſom pay?
Tho while I brib'd him with a kiſs, (ſhe'll ſay,)
He, Judas like, in treach'rous ſmiles array'd,
My unſuſpecting confidence betray'd;
One cheek he kiſs'd with moſt apparent joy,
And on the other plac'd the ſooty boy;
I ſay he's done, in my impartial view,
What ſure no other gentleman would do."
Admit the charge; but, Muſe, in my defence
Urge that I did it on a juſt pretence;
For if politeneſs ſhould all actuate,
Then of ſociety there reſts the fate,
'Tis its procuring cauſe, as reaſon ſhews
It to politeneſs its exiſtence owes;
Then break the charm, and to your ſorrow find
Nought but remorſe and diſcontent of mind;
If to this ſource ſhe had one thought preferr'd,
This without doubt had to her mind occur'd,
And taught the fair when kiſſes ſhe would ſeek,
To give her lips, but not to turn her cheek.
This then pray tell her was the juſt pretence,
This was the ground for mutual offence;
For vice verſa had ſhe done, 'tis plain
Then all the cenſure at my door had lain;
Of explanation where had been the uſe,
Where had I found a pretext for excuſe?
Why from the mark the kiſs ſhould not exempt?
Where was the plea the other cheek t' attempt?
Then in one word do, Muſe, the fair one teach,
'Twas of politeneſs ſaid material breach

February 8. KELMONEEZER.

THE GOOD WIFE'S GENTLE REBUKE.

AN ORIGINAL SONG.

In imitation of BURNS's "John Anderſon, my Jo John," inſerted in the Muſeum of the 13th ult.

COME let us ſit down love, and chat for awhile,
'Tis early;---I thank you for yielding a ſmile;
Indeed I'm afraid I ſhall finiſh with praiſe,
Tho' I meant to have ſhewn you a fault in your ways.

And firſt you work hard---you riſe up ere it's light,
But you ſit with your comrades, till late in the night,
Leaving Lucy at home, whom you formerly ſaid,
Enliven'd the table, and lightened the bed.---

I would not upbraid, but this ſhould not be ſo,
Your hair, that was black, is now white as the ſnow;
Your eyes are now failing, th' effect would be fine,
To caſt them on Lucy's by half after nine.

You were early my choice, John---you'r ſtill to my mind,
They tell me you fail, John---the ſtory's unkind;
In high life, or low life, blow high or blow low,
You ſtill are my John---and no change can I know.

Our children's young children, have ſhewn us their charms,
Yet pleaſure ſupreme, I muſt find in YOUR arms,
And you muſt in MINE, John---you'll not tell me no,
Your looks, words, and actions, declare that it's ſo.

The ſteep hill of life we walked up hand in hand,
Together progreſſing, together we ſtand;
We'll totter down hill, John---in union ſo ſweet,
Nor murmur or fret at the croſſes we meet.

And when we decline, John---and come to the cloſe,
Affection ſhall lull us to final repoſe;
Conſol'd and conſoling, we'll calmly move on,
John dying for Lucy---and Lucy for John.

MORALIST.

ON HAPPINESS.

THERE is no ſuch thing as real, unmingled felicity here below: happineſs is all a vain purſuit, quite from the cradle to the grave. It is altogether an imaginary acquiſition, which no man ever did or ever will poſſeſs, ſo long as he is a ſojourner amid ſublunary ſcenes. We ſow hopes and wiſhes, and pray what do we reap? The anſwer is obvious---We reap diſappointment and inquietude.---A miſerable harveſt, you will ſay---True---But nevertheleſs we repeat our uſeleſs labor; and perpetuate to ourſelves vexation and ſorrow. He then is the prudent man who is contented to take this world as he finds it; who reliſhes its comforts, improves its croſſes, and expects Happineſs only in ſuperior regions.

At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,

PEARL STREET, NO. 93,

WILL be ſold this morning, at one ſhilling a piece, the new Catalogue of his Library, containing beyond 1200 nos. which form about 4000 vols. and fill up 64 pages, on account of its accuracy reſpecting either the titles, nature, merit or form of the works as well as the names of their authors. In order to underſtand the full improvement of the whole, H. Caritat begs of his friends to conſider that of the books contained in the Catalogue of the Library he formerly bought, the greateſt part he either never had, or that they were imperfect, or worn out. It is therefore by every exertion in his power, that he availed himſelf of the means this place could afford to form a good collection, having expunged of the old one with the greateſt ſeverity what could give no ſatisfaction to his ſubſcribers. He has likewiſe already provided himſelf with a ſufficient number of duplicates, ſo that at the enſuing ſeaſon the ſubſcribers in town may not ſuffer from thoſe in the country, which laſt he will endeavor to accommodate on the moſt eaſy terms; and as now for a further rapid and ſteady improvement, he cannot entirely depend on the occaſional importation of books in this city.

H. Caritat from this period will have a direct correſpondence with London, in order firſt to get what he could not find here, and to have for the future, regularly and ſpeedily forwarded to him, every thing new that may ſuit his cuſtomers.

W. PALMER,

Japanner and Ornamental Painter,

HAS removed from the corner, oppoſite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-ſtreet, corner of the Old-ſlip where he continues to carry on the

Fancy Chair, and Cornice Buſineſs.

Has ſome of the neweſt London Patterns, alſo a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will ſell on the loweſt poſſible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varniſhing, and Sign Painting executed in the neateſt manner, and ſhorteſt notice. May 27.

S. LOYD,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public that ſhe continues to carry on the STAY and MANTUA MAKING BUSINESS, as uſual, at No. 30, Veſey-ſtreet, where ſhe hopes for the continuance of thoſe favors which will be her conſtant endeavors to deſerve. tf48

For Sale by Daniel Hitchcock,

No. 79 GOLD-STREET,

WILD Cherry Joiſt, Boards, and Plank, of the firſt quality; Boilſtead Boards, and Joiſt; Beach, Birch, Witewood and Maple Joiſt; Maple, Aſh, and Whitewood Plank; 1-2 inch Whitewood Boards; clear and common White-Pine Boards; clear and common White-Pine 1 1-2 inch Plank; 2 inch Pine Plank; 1-2 inch wide and narrow Pine Boards, and common Scantling.

N. B. The above ſtuff ſeaſoned fit for immediate uſe.
Aug. 26, 1797. 78---tf.

A young Woman of good connections and character, wiſhing to learn the Mantua-Making Buſineſs, will hear of a place by enquiring at this Office.

JOHN HARRISSON

Has conſtantly for ſale at his Book Store, in Peck Slip, a collection of the lateſt and moſt approved

NOVELS,

AMONG WHICH ARE THE FOLLOWING:

ITALIAN, or the Confeſſional of the Black Penitents,
Trials of the Human Heart, Knights of the Swan,
Camilla, or a Picture of Youth,
Alexis, or the Cottage in the Wood,
Perplexities, or the Fortunate Elopement,
Perfidious Guardian, or Viciſſitudes of Fortune,
Robert and Adela, or the Rights of Women maintained by the Sentiments of Nature,
Infidelity, or the Victim of Sentiment,
Cecilia, or Memoirs of an Heireſs,
Houſe of Tynian, Myſtic Cottager of Chamouny,
Evelina, or a young lady's entrance into the world.
Coquette, or Hiſtory of Eliza Whaſton, by a lady of Maſſachuſetts,
Young Widow, or Hiſtory of Cornelia Sedley, (2 vols)
Matilda and Elizabeth, Sutton Abbey,
Terentia, by the author of the Platonic Guardian,
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Coalition, or Family Anecdotes, Almoran and Hamet,
Letters of Charlotte, during her connection with Werter,
Love's Pilgrimage, compiled from the journal of a deceaſed friend,
Zeluco, or various views of Human Nature, Fatal Follies,
Iſabinda of Bellefield, Madame de Barnevelt,
Simple Story, French Adventurer, Baron Trenck,
Nature and Art, Lady Montagu's Letters,
Montalbert, by Charlotte Smith, 2 vols.
Memoirs of a Baroneſs, Juvenile Indiſcretions,
Myſteries of Udolpho, Romance of the Foreſt,
Receſs, a tale of other times,
Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Caſtle,
Eliza Powel, or Trials of Senſibility,
Royal Captives, a Fragment of Secret Hiſtory, (2 vols.)
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Sorrows of Edith, or the Hermitage of the Cliffs,
Delmond, (by Charlotte Smith) Haunted Cavern,
Count Roderick's Caſtle, or Gothic Times,
Haunted Priory, or the Fortunes of the Houſe of Rayo,
Hiſtory of Captain and Miſs Rivers,
D'Arcy, by Charlotte Smith, Man of the World,
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Roger de Clarendon, Charles Mandeville, Arundel,
Louiſa, the Lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,
Fille de Chambre, (by Mrs Rowſon) Contraſt,
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Muſeum of Agreeable Entertainment, Boyle's Voyages,
Queen of France, Memoirs of Mrs Ceglan,

Winterbotham's Hiſtory of America,
Robertſon's hiſtory of Scotland, Bruce's Memoirs,
Cook's Voyages, Buchannan's hiſtory of Scotland,
Col. Humphreys' Works, Duncan's Eſſay on Happineſs,
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Travels thro Europe, Aſia, and Africa, Homer's Iliad,
Cowper's Taſk, Dr. Franklin's Life, Volney's Ruins,
Knox's Eſſays, Scot's Leſſons, Art of Speaking,
Looker-On, Miſcellaneous Works, Fabulous Hiſtory,
Akenſide's Pleaſures of Imagination, Hive,
Looking Glaſs of the Mind, Waſhington's Letters,
Goldſmith's Roman Hiſtory, Voltaire's Dictionary,
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Jefferſon's Notes on the State of Virginia,
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